

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.  
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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-seventh year. It is the only newspaper in the State, and with few exceptions, the oldest. It is published weekly, except on Sundays, and is a large, well-illustrated paper, containing news, local and general news, and a variety of other interesting and valuable material. It is published at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at 5 cents. Extra copies can be obtained at the office of publication. The various news items in the city, and other places, are sent free, and special terms given advertisers by advertising the publisher.

## Local Matters.

### The Mercury Atlas.

One of the most useful books published this year is the Mercury Handy Atlas. It is particularly useful at this time when the great war in Europe is going on. It shows all the countries now engaged in this great conflict, the size and location of all the principal towns and cities of the Old World, as well as the location and population of all the towns and cities in the United States. It contains new maps of each State and Territory in the United States and of every country in the world. It also has a large full sheet map of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. The size of this map is 20x34 inches, and is beautifully colored. This useful Atlas retails for one dollar, but is given by the MERCURY OFFICE absolutely free to every new subscriber to the MERCURY for one year, and to every old subscriber paying one year subscription in advance. Now is the time to get a valuable book for nothing.

### Thanksgiving Day.

Thursday was a beautiful day for Thanksgiving. The weather was warm and clear, a decided contrast to the cold days that had preceded it. In consequence there were many people out of doors at all times during the day. There were several football games during the day and all were largely attended, the spectators suffering none of the inconvenience which sometimes mars Thanksgiving Day games. The services at the churches were well attended. Twelve Protestant churches held a united service at the First Presbyterian Church, all the clergymen participating in the service. The sermon was delivered by Rev. W. I. Ward, pastor of the First Methodist Church. There was a large attendance at Trinity Church also, where Father O'Connell, of the Holy Cross Mission, was the preacher. The big feature of the day for the news boys and messenger boys, and for some others who could not be placed in either class, was the annual turkey dinner provided by Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt at Masonic Hall. Mrs. Vanderbilt was present in person and moved about the room speaking an encouraging word here and there, and extending a welcome to all. The dinner was excellent and was well served, being under the charge of Whensover Circle of Zieg's Daughters, a large number of members being on hand to see that all the boys had all they wanted to eat, the arrangements were well planned and carried out, and everything went off without a hitch.

The old frigate Constellation which was loaned to Baltimore for the celebration of the centennial of the Star Spangled Banner, is on her way back to Newport, in spite of the efforts that were made by the people of the section to the South of us to keep her down there. Mr. Horatio B. Wood has started a movement to welcome her back to Newport, and this should meet with general approval. The Constellation is one of the few links that connect the new navy with the old. She is a historic old fighting craft, that would attract much attention among strangers if they had an opportunity to know about her and to go aboard, and it is very fitting that the people of Newport should show some expression of their appreciation at her return to the city.

### The City Election.

Next Tuesday, December 1st, will be the date of the city election, and the friends of all the candidates (and they are legion) are hustling to get out a vote for them. The principal interest of course centers in the contest for the Mayoralty, and the friends of both Mayor Doyle and Postmaster Burlingame are putting in some strenuous work for them. Headquarters have been opened for both sides (the writer nearly said for Republicans and Democrats, but luckily remembered in time the severe penalties prescribed for such a heinous crime as mentioning a political party in connection with city affairs.)

On Friday evening of last week, a number of friends of Postmaster Burlingame met in Builders and Merchants Hall, and formed a permanent organization, known as the Burlingame Campaign Association, for the purpose of actively working for his election as Mayor. The officers chosen are as follows:

Chairman—William R. Harvey.  
Secretary—Edward A. Sherman.  
Treasurer—Clark Burck.  
Executive Committee—Ward J. George, W. Bechler, Jr., William J. Carr, William F. Tripp, Ward 2, William MacLeod, Benjamin F. Downing, 2d, M. Alonso Van Horn, Ward 3, J. W. Horton, Max Levy, George W. Buckhout, Ward 4, John C. Allen, Fred Watson, Karl Hostet, Ward 5, George H. Wilmarth, Charles Ewart, John Mahan.

Mr. William R. Harvey presided at the meeting, and explained the purpose and the opportunity that was open to elect their man for Mayor. Addresses were also made by Mr. Burlingame, Senator-elect Clark Burck; Representative Max Levy and others. Much enthusiasm was exhibited, and those present evinced a willingness to get out and hustle for the nominee.

Headquarters have since been secured in the Daily News building, and the rooms are kept open day and night for the dissemination of advice and arguments for the cause. The supporters of Mayor Doyle have secured permanent headquarters in the Realty building, and had an open meeting there on Tuesday evening. Informal addresses were made by a number of party leaders and plans were formulated for the campaign, not only for Mayor Doyle but for all their candidates right through the list.

There is also much interest in the contest for aldermanic places. Alderman Kirby of the second ward held a dinner at his home on Tuesday and delivered a formal speech to those present, declaring that he was the target for the Newport Beach Association, and challenging them to defeat him. His opponent, Mr. S. S. Thompson, is doing much quiet work, and his friends are confident of his election. The windows along the streets are well filled with portraits of the aldermanic candidates and some circulars are being used.

A number of the council candidates are also doing considerable work in their own interests. For school committee there does not seem to be so much activity, but it is probable that the people have their minds pretty well made up as to whom they want.

Perhaps the fire department re-organization occasions as much interest as any one item of the coming election. Those favoring the report are confident that the people will approve it, while those who regard it as too radical are doing much quiet work among their friends in attempt to show up the weak spots. It is probable that there will be a big vote on this proposition.

The hearing on the Newport water question has been held before the State public utilities commission in Providence this week. An effort is being made to secure the installing of water meters throughout the city, and a reduction of rates. A physical valuation of the property of the Newport Water Works was made by Samuel W. Gray, consulting engineer, his estimate of the value of the property being considerably less than that of the company.

Rural free delivery will be re-established at Jamestown on December 1st, as an all-year route. Senator Alton Head brought the matter to the attention of Senator Colt, and it was due to the efforts of these two gentlemen that the town is to have this modern system of mail delivery throughout the year.

High Sheriff James Anthony is able to be at his office in the old Court House daily, after his recent serious operation. Mr. Anthony made a quick recovery, and his friends are rejoicing to see him looking so well.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Laurens Van Allen will probably keep "Wakehurst" open through the winter, making occasional visits to New York and other places. Dr. Rufus E. Darrach, of this city, has been appointed a member of the board of visitors to the Rhode Island State College.

### Newport Historical Society.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Newport Historical Society was held at the Rooms on Touro Street, Monday evening, Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry, first Vice President, in the Chair. A large number of members and their friends attended to listen to the reports of the Society and the admirable address of Hon. Max Levy.

The librarian reported upon the work of the office since the last meeting, in August, stating that 159 letters requesting information had been received and answered, and 600 visitors had been assisted in the search for various kinds of knowledge concerning local history or genealogy. Many interesting relics have been added to the Museum, and many books and pamphlets to the library. A valuable collection of books, newspapers and manuscripts belonging to the late Mr. Benjamin B. Howland, first librarian of the Society, has just been presented by his grand-daughter, Miss Elizabeth G. Sherman. Some Newport imprints, a paper signed by John Clarke, and Mr. Howland's own items of interest, including the manuscript of papers read by him before this and other societies, are particularly valuable to our members. Two papers show that in 1820, two years before the organization of the Rhode Island Historical Society and the establishment of the Southern Cabinet in Newport, a society was formed, for the purpose of collecting and preserving historical material, to be known as the "Newport Historical and Antiquarian Society."

A vote of thanks was given to Miss Sherman for her generous gift.

Four new members were elected: Mr. Thomas Sargent Perry, of Boston, grandson of Com. Oliver Hazard Perry, Mr. Clarence Wanton Baylis, of Philadelphia, a descendant of the old Wanton family of Newport; Mrs. Frank J. Sprague of New York, and Senator John M. Whitehead of Wisconsin.

At the close of the business meeting, Dr. Terry introduced Hon. Max Levy, who spoke of the Early Hebrews in Newport, tracing their history from their expulsion from Spain to the time of their coming to Rhode Island. Mr. Levy mentioned the various Jews, who did so much to add to the material wealth and culture of Newport, Moses Seixas, who established the Bank of Rhode Island, now the Newport Trust Co., Jacob Rod. Rivera, Aaron Lopez, and the Touro, through whose munificence the Synagogue is now supported, and whose bequests, entirely nonsectarian, benefited churches, hospitals and all kinds of institutions in many cities.

There were several Jewish relics on exhibition, belonging to the Society, a miniature of Abraham Touro, and a portrait of Judah Touro; a phylactery, papers and letter books of Aaron Lopez, and other interesting items.

After the meeting, the members adjourned to the Synagogue next door, where Mr. Levy, assisted by Mr. Adolph Koach, exhibited the beautiful emblems, the scrolls, etc.

### Wedding Bells.

#### French—Beckman.

Mr. Amos Tuck French, well known in Newport, was united in marriage at Goshen, N. Y., on Tuesday to Miss Martha C. Beckman, a sister of Hon. R. Livingston Beckman of this city, Governor-elect of Rhode Island. The marriage came somewhat as a surprise to all but the immediate families of the two parties. The ceremony was performed at the home of a sister of the bride, Mrs. Campbell Stoward. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Beckman, and Mrs. French Vanderbilt of this city, the last being a sister of the groom. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. C. Codrington of the Methodist Church of Goshen.

Mr. French married for his first wife Miss Pauline Leroy, daughter of Mrs. Stuyvesant Leroy of this city, with whom she makes her home. She secured a divorce from Mr. French, the final decree being ordered at the last March session of the Superior Court. There are two daughters, Mrs. Samuel J. Wagstaff and Mrs. John E. P. Geraghty, and three sons, Francis O. Stuyvesant Leroy, and Edward Tuck French.

Miss Helen A. Peabody, daughter of the late Dr. George L. Peabody, closed her home on Narragansett avenue this week and left for New York. Dr. Peabody bought the Newport residence as a winter home, spending his summers in Quebec.

Hon. George Peabody Wetmore and family have closed their Newport residence and gone to New York for the winter.

Mr. George C. Lawton, who has been quite ill, is reported as showing improvement.

Mrs. Mary E. Luther has returned from a visit to Boston.

Captain William Champion has been seriously ill.

### Recent Deaths.

#### Mrs. Frank W. Andrews.

Mrs. Frank W. Andrews, for many years a summer resident of Newport, died at the Hotel Vendome in Boston last Sunday as the result of a fall in the hotel a few days before when she sustained a broken hip. She had reached the advanced age of eighty-five years, and it was realized from the first that her recovery was doubtful.

Mrs. Andrews had a wide circle of acquaintances in Newport, Boston and Washington. She was a daughter of the late Paul Adams of Boston, and the widow of Frank W. Andrews, who died a number of years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews first spent their summers in Newport while they were yet a young couple, and some thirty-five years ago built an attractive residence overlooking Coddingdon's Point which has been occupied practically every summer. Of late Mrs. Andrews had spent most of her winters in Washington, although she sometimes stayed for a while in Boston. She had left Newport only a few days before her death, intending to remain in Boston for a couple of weeks before proceeding to Washington for the winter.

Mrs. Andrews is survived by two sons, Messrs. Paul A. Andrews and Walter S. Andrews, both residents of Newport.

#### Rev. J. Sturgis Pearce.

Rev. J. Sturgis Pearce, a retired Episcopal clergyman, died at his home on Kay street on Monday, in his eightieth year. He had not been in the best of health for some time and the death of his wife, which occurred some two months previous, had been a shock from which he never recovered.

Rev. Mr. Pearce was born in Providence in 1835 and early devoted his study for the Episcopal ministry. He held a number of important pastorates in various places before coming to St. Paul's Church, Portsmouth, where he was rector for more than twenty-five years. He was well known out on the island as well as in the city, and was universally esteemed.

He is survived by two sons and a daughter, Mr. Berkeley Pearce, a lawyer of Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. Reginald Pearce of Framingham, Mass.; and Miss Edith Pearce, who made her home with her father.

#### George Bowen Smith.

Mr. George Bowen Smith died at his home in New York Saturday morning, Nov. 21st. He was a grandson of the late George Bowen of this city, and the senior member of the firm of the Heirs of George Bowen. He was fond of Newport, and came here when he reasonably could; but his active attention was given in the service of the Chemical National Bank of New York in which he had employment in a responsible position for more than forty years. Of modest disposition he was held in high esteem for the qualities which make up trustworthiness.

### Superior Court.

The December session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open in this city on Monday, December 7. It is expected that the term will be quite a busy one, although possibly not as long as some of its predecessors. Of late most of the sessions have run over the three weeks that they are supposed to last, with the result that the Court is in session here a large part of the time.

Jurors have been notified to be on hand for duty from the city of Newport as follows:  
Grand—James E. McGowan, Blacksmith; Eugene C. Sullivan, laborer; Charles McK. Jackson, clerk; Timothy F. Sullivan, clerk; Anthony E. Buckley, laborer; Dalton E. Young, grocer; Charles W. Richardson, foreman; William S. Filibrown, clerk; Charles F. Langley, clerk; Jeremiah P. Sullivan, contractor; Florence C. Sullivan, laborer; William H. Horgan, clerk; Philip A. Sweet, driver.

Petit Jurors—George F. Horrocks, clerk; Wallace C. Martland, 2d, lin-smith; George A. Martin, clerk; Ernest Howe; William F. Kelly, conductor; Lampros Brown, dealer; Frank J. Brady, clerk; Patrick J. Sheehan, carpenter; Carl A. Hicken, bookbinder; Jeremiah D. Coffey, clerk; Thomas Hall, bootmaker; Clarence H. Wrightington, real estate; Michael Harrington, laborer; James J. O'Brien, laborer; Caleb Morris, laborer; Patrick J. Murphy, plumber; Allan L. Friend, mason; Harry Williams, boatbuilder; William Koschny, clerk; Richard H. Brown, clerk; David Weiner, cigars; Antonio S. White, driver.

Considerable interest is exhibited in the appointment of a barber commissioner, which will be made the first of the year. Inasmuch as this is practically the only office that the Governor can fill without the advice and consent of the Senate being required, efforts are being made to reach the ear of Governor-elect R. Livingston Beckman. It is understood that there are two candidates from Newport for this position, and it is likely that the appointment will go to one of them.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Bostel are visiting in New York.

### John B. Sullivan for Postmaster.

There seems no doubt but that the next Postmaster of Newport will be Representative John B. Sullivan, who has been recommended for the appointment by Congressman O'Shaunessy. His nomination will probably be sent to the Senate by President Wilson in a few days, and undoubtedly will be promptly confirmed. The appointment, at this time is made possible by the resignation of Postmaster Burlingame, on account of his candidacy for Mayor of Newport.

Mr. Sullivan is well known throughout the city. He first came into general prominence as an active member of the representative council, in which he has served since that body was established under the new charter in 1900. He quickly developed into a floor leader and was prepared to enter into a discussion of any topic before the council. He was elected to represent the fifth district of Newport in the General Assembly in 1910, being sworn into office the following January. He quickly made his personality felt at the State House, and for the past two years has been the assistant to the floor leader of the minority party in the House. He would probably have been the party nominee for Speaker at the coming organization of the Legislature in January. He has taken an active part in Democratic councils, being at present chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee. He is an active member of Newport Council, Knights of Columbus, and has served at the head of that organization. He is at present the gardener on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Hoffman.

If Mr. Sullivan is made Postmaster, the acceptance of a federal office will arbitrarily create a vacancy in the General Assembly. Therefore a new election will be necessary in the fifth district. The matter of time for holding the election is at the discretion of the board of aldermen, when the Legislature is not in session. If the vacancy should occur while the Legislature is in session, the law provides that the city clerk shall issue his warrant for a special election to be held within thirty days after the vacancy occurs.

### Talk on Fire Prevention.

Mr. Franklin H. Wentworth, secretary of the National Association of Societies for Fire Prevention, delivered an interesting address under the auspices of the Board of Trade at Builders & Merchants Hall on Monday evening. There was a good attendance and much interest in the subject was evinced. President Titus of the Board of Trade presided and introduced the speaker. The early part of the address dealt largely with topics of national interest, showing the great fire loss in this country as compared with that of other countries. Specific dangers were pointed out and the dangerous conditions of the skyscrapers of New York city were shown, as the people of all parts of the country have to bear their share of the loss in every fire. The dangerous wooden shingles were condemned by the speaker, and he advocated the use of metal sills and wire glass for all windows of so-called fire proof construction. He believed that Newport presented many dangers, and he thought that the adoption of the report of the fire department committee would go far to improve conditions here. Later Chief Kirwin took exception to the characterization of the steam fire engines in use here as "tin kettles" and quite a spirited discussion ensued. Mr. Kirwin believed that not a cent would be saved in insurance rates if the city went to the expense of \$50,000 for new equipment as recommended. Other questions were propounded by other members of the audience, to which the speaker replied.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Wednesday evening, the plans for the new schoolhouse on Mary street were formally adopted, and it was voted to refer them to the school committee for their approval. It is expected that at the monthly meeting of the aldermen next Tuesday evening, bids will be asked for the construction of the building.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore M. Davis are on their way to Florida to spend the winter. They will not go to Egypt this year, where Mr. Davis has in years past advanced the knowledge of Egyptology by his successful explorations.

Mr. John G. Costello, who is seriously ill at the Newport Hospital, remains about the same. His condition shows no improvement.

Mr. Furber I. Marshall of this city has been elected president of the freshman class at the University of Pennsylvania. The St. Monica Society of St. Mary's Church held a successful social, "Art Exhibit," and danced at Holy Cross Guild House Tuesday evening, which was conducted by their president, Mrs. O. F. Wilcox, of Newport.

### Thanksgiving Weddings.

There were many weddings in Newport on Thanksgiving Day. Mr. Charles H. Ritt, Jr., chief yeoman at the Training Station, was united in marriage to Miss Emeline Isabel Vars, daughter of Mrs. William M. Vars, the ceremony being performed by Rev. William Safford Jones in the parsonage of the Channing Memorial Church. A reception followed at the home of the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Ritt will make their home on Bay View avenue.

Miss Julia Dorothy Coen was married to Mr. David P. Burke in St. Joseph's Church, in the presence of a large gathering of friends. A wedding breakfast was served at the Hotel Aquidneck and in the evening, when the young couple left on the New York boat there was a brass band at the landing to give them a send-off. They will reside on Bliss road.

Miss Grace A. O'Connell and Mr. P. Henry J. Leeson were united in marriage at the rectory of St. Joseph's Church Thanksgiving evening, and are now spending their honeymoon in the Mountains. They will make their home on Channing street.

Miss Mary Noonan and Mr. Daniel G. LaRock were married at St. Augustin's Church in the morning, and left on the Fall River Line boat that evening for New York where they will spend their honeymoon.

### MIDDLETOWN.

[From our regular correspondent.]

Mrs. Harold R. Chase presented as the subject for the meeting of the Oliphant Club last week, "The Montessori Method." There was no meeting this week of the Oliphant Club and the Paradise Club owing to the holiday season. A box of vegetables, fruit, etc., was left at the Charity Organization Rooms early in the week for the Thanksgiving of a needy family in whom the Paradise Club is at present especially interested.

The Epworth League held a Thanksgiving cottage service, last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Barker, Mrs. Barker conducting the topic, "A Song of Thanksgiving." Interesting reports were given by Rev. E. E. Wells and Mr. Barker of the Methodist Men's Mass meeting held the previous week in Boston. Wm. L. Brown, president of the League, will conduct the subject, "Builders of Methodism: William Taylor, Pathfinder on Three Continents," at the M. E. Church on Friday evening.

Worthy State Master Joseph A. Peckham, and Messrs. Wm. S. Stocum and Walter Sherman returned Saturday from Wilmington, Delaware, where they attended the sessions of the National Grange. 700 candidates received the 7th degree, 29 states were represented.

Mr. Henry Kesson, of Newport, is building an attractive bungalow at the northern end of the Boulevard. Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Peckham, have closed their home here for the winter. They left Tuesday evening for the South where they have a bungalow and a large orange grove at Eastville, Florida.

The morning service at St. Columba's Chapel was devoted especially to the subject of Thanksgiving. In the evening Mr. Griswold continued the illustrated lectures at the Berkeley Parish House, subject, "The Temple as Jerusalem." St. Columba's Guild will hold its annual sale on Saturday, Dec. 6.

For the two days' Christmas sale of Holy Cross Guild at their Guild House next week a chowder supper will be given the first night, Wednesday, and ice cream and cake will be on sale Thursday.

A morning service at 10.30 was held Thanksgiving Day at the Berkeley Chapel. Owing to the fact that the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange fell on Thanksgiving Day, the Grange met on Monday evening at the town hall, with a large attendance. Among the gathering was Worthy State Master Joseph A. Peckham, Worthy Master Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox, of Newport County Pomona Grange, Worthy Master Ralph H. Brownell, of Little Compton Grange, and many officials from the local Granges of the county. A pleasing innovation was the presence of the Indies degree team of Little Compton, their first appearance on the island, who conferred the 3d degree upon a class of six candidates. Glad entirely in while, with light draperies at the shoulder, they made a most attractive feature of the evening. The fine marching and their graceful execution of the Grange symbols in groups was frequently applauded, and was later publicly commended by the Grange officials. The degree was also effectively done and received unstinted praise. Mrs. G. Harlan Simmons acted as Master. The 4th degree was given by the regular officers and the Grange quartette rendered the degree music. During the Lecturer's hour, Mr. Fred P. Webber gave "A Thanksgiving Dream," and was obliged to answer to two encores so continuous was the applause. Miss Agnes Murphy gave a humorous number, and the chaplain, Rev. E. E. Wells gave a collection of anecdotes under the head of "Stories at Home." Mr. Philip Caswell spoke upon the foot and mouth disease and urged greater precaution to prevent its spread. A set of resolutions was read and endorsed by the Grange and these were taken to Providence where he and others attended the hearing at the State House. Worthy State Master Peckham spoke briefly upon the decisive measures taken by the governor of Delaware (while he was at the National Grange) to stamp out the disease. He heartily endorsed all that Mr. Caswell said. At 11 o'clock a long table was brought in and ice-cream, cake, coffee and a variety of fruit was served by the feast committee.

# THE LAST SHOT

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By FREDERICK PALMER

## CHAPTER XV.

## In Feller's Place.

What am I? What have I done? What am I about to do? shot as forked shadows over the hot lava-flow of Mart's impulse. The vitality that Westerling had felt by suggestion from a still profile rejoiced in a quickening of pace directly she was out of sight of the veranda. All the thinking she had done that afternoon had been in pictures; some saying, some cry, some, groan, or some smile went with every picture.

The sitting-room of the tower was empty to other eyes but not to hers. The lantern was in the corner at hand. After her hasty steps had carried her along the tunnel to the telephone, she set down the lantern and pressed the spring that opened the panel door. Another moment and she would be embarked on her great adventure in the quality of action. That little earpiece became a specter of conscience. She drew back convulsively and her hands flew to her face; she was a rocking shadow in the thin, reddish light of the lantern.

Conscious mind had torn off the mask from subconscious mind, revealing the true nature of the change that had wrought in her. She who had resented Feller's part—what a part she had been playing! Every word, every shade of expression, every telling pause of abstraction after Westerling confessed that he had made war for his own ends had been subtly prompted by a purpose whose actuality terrified her.

Her hypocrisy, she realized, was as black as the wall of darkness beyond the lantern's gleam. Then this demoralization passed, as a nightmare passes, with Westerling's boast again in her ears.

When war's principles, enacted by men, were based on sinister trickery called strategy and tactics, should not women, using such weapons as they had, also fight for their homes? Mart's hands swept down from her eyes; she was on fire with resolution.

Forty miles away a bell in Lanstron's bedroom and at his desk rang simultaneously. At the time he and Partow were seated facing each other across a map on the table of the room where they worked together. No perturbation of the young vice-chief, no edict of the doctors, could make the old chief take exercise or shorten his hours.

"I know. I know myself!" he said. "I know my duty. And you are learning, my boy, learning!"

Every day the flabby cheeks grew flatter and the pouches under the eyebrows heavier. But there was no dimming of the eagle flashes of the eyes, no weakening of the will. Last night Lanstron had turned as white as chalk when Partow staggered on arising from the table, the veins on his temples knotted blue whipcords. Yet after a few hours' sleep he reappeared with firm step, fresh for the fray.

The paraphernalia around those two was the same as that around Westerling. Only the atmosphere of the staff was different. Each man was performing the part set for him. No man knew much of any other man's part. Partow alone knew all, and Lanstron was trying to grasp all and praying that Partow's old body should still feed his mind with energy. Lanstron was thinner and paler, a new and glittering intensity in his eyes.

When word of Feller's defection came, Lanstron realized for the first time by Partow's manner that the old chief of staff, with all his deprecation of the telephone scheme as chimerical, had grounded a hope on it.

"There was the chance that we might know—so vital to the defense—that they were going to do before and not after the attack," he said.

Yet the story of how Feller yielded to the temptation of the automatic had made the nostrils of the old war-horse quiver with a dramatic breath, and instead of the command of a battery of guns, which Lanstron had promised, the chief made it a battalion. He had drawn down his brows when he heard that Mart's had asked that the wire be left intact; he had shot a shrewd, questioning glance at Lanstron and then beat a tattoo on the table and half grinned as he grumbled under his breath:

"She is afraid of being lonesome! No harm done!"

A week had passed since the Grays had taken the Galloway house, and still no word from Mart's. The ring of the bell brought Lanstron to his feet with a startled, boyish bound.

"Very springy, that tendon of Achilles!" muttered Partow. "And, my boy, take care, take care!" he called suddenly in his sonorous voice, as vast and billowy as his body.

It was Mart's voice and yet not Mart's, this voice that beat in nervous waves over the wire.

"Lanny—yes, I, Lanny! You were right. Westerling planned to make war deliberately to satisfy his ambition. He told me so. The first general attack on the first line of defense is tonight. Westerling says so!" She had to pause for breath. "And, Lanny, I want to know some position of the Browns which is weak—not actually weak, maybe, but some position where the Grays expect terrible resistance and will not find it—where you will let them in!"

"In the name of—Mart! Mart's, what?"

"I am going to fight for the Browns—for my home!"

In the sheer satisfaction of explanation

the horror that in her heart for Westerling! Partow waved his hand as if the affair were settled.

"But," interjected Lanstron, "we have also to decide on the point of the main defense which she is to make. Westerling thinks is weak."

"Hm-m!" grumbled Partow. "That is not necessary to start with. We can give that to her later over the telephone, can't we, eh?"

"She asked for it now."

"Why?" demanded Partow with one of his shrewd, piercing looks.

"She did not say, but I can guess," explained Lanstron. "She must put all her cards on the table; she must tell Westerling all she knows at once. If she tells him piecemeal it might lead to the supposition that she still had some means of communication with the Browns."

"Of course, of course!" Partow spat the flat of his hand resoundingly on the map. "As I decided the first time I met her, she has a head, and when a woman has a head for that sort of thing there is no beating her. Well," he was looking straight into Lanstron's eyes. "Well, I think we know the point where we could draw them in on the main line, eh?"

"Up the apron of the approach from the Engadri valley. We yield the advance redoubts on either side."

"Meanwhile, we have massed heavily behind the redoubt. We rattle the advance redoubts in a counter-attack and—"

Partow brought his fist into his palm with a smack.

"Yes, if we could do that! If we could get them to expend their attack there!" put in Lanstron very excitedly for him.

"We must! She shall help!" Partow was on his feet. He had reached across the table and seized Lanstron's shoulders in a powerful if flesh-padded grip. Then he turned Lanstron around toward the door of his bedroom and gave him a mighty slap of affection. "My boy, the brightest hope of victory we have is holding the wire for you. Tell her that a bearded old bohemian, who can kneel as gracefully as a rhinoceros, is on both knees at her feet, kissing her hands and trying his best, in the name of mercy, to keep from breaking into verse of his own composition."

Back at the telephone, Lanstron, in the fervor of the cheer and the enthusiasm that had transported his chief, gave Mart Partow's message.

"You, Mart, are our brightest hope of victory!"

"Yes!" the monosyllable was detached, dismal, labored. "A woman can do that!" she exclaimed in an uncertain tone, which grew into the distraction of clipped words and broken sentences. "A woman play-acting—a woman acting the most revolting hypocrisy—influences the issue between two nations! Her deceit deals in the lives of sons precious to fathers and mothers, the fate of frontiers, of institutions! Think of it! Think of machines costing countless millions—machines of flesh and blood, with their destitute shaped by one little bit of lying information! Think of the folly of any civilization that stakes its triumphs on such a gambol! Am I not right? Isn't it true? Isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, Mart! But—" If she were weakening it was not his place to try to strengthen her purpose.

"It will the sooner and fighting, won't it, Lanny?" she asked in a small, tense voice.

"Yes."

"And the only real and that means real peace is to prove that the weak can hold back the strong from their threshold!"

"Yes."

Even now Westerling might be on the veranda, perhaps waiting for news that would enable him to crush the weak; to prove that the law of five pounds of human flesh against three, and five bayonets against three, is the law of civilization.

"Yes, yes, yes!" The constriction was gone from her throat; there was a drum-beat in her soul. "Depend on me, Lanny!" It was Feller's favorite phrase spoken by the one who was to take his place. "Yes, I'm ready to make any sacrifice now. For what am I? What is one woman compared to such a purpose? I don't care what is said of me or what becomes of me if we can win! Good-by, Lanny, till I call you up again! And God with us!"

"God with us!" as Partow had said, over and over. The saying had come to be repeated by hard-headed, agnostic staff officers, who believed that the deity had no relation to the efficiency of gun-fire. The Brown infantrymen even were beginning to matter it in the midst of action.

Waiting on the path of the second terrace for Westerling to come, Mart realized the full meaning of her task. Day in and day out she was to have suspense at her elbow and the horror of hypocrisy on her conscience, the while keeping her wits nicely balanced. When she saw Westerling appear on the veranda and start over the lawn she felt dizzy and uncertain of her capabilities.

"I have considered all that you have said for my guidance and I have decided," she began.

She heard her own voice with the relief of a singer in a debut who, with knees shaking, finds that her notes are true. She was looking directly at Westerling in profound seriousness. Though knees shook, lips and chin could aid eyes in revealing the painful fatigue of a battle that had raged in the mind of a woman who went away for half an hour to think for herself.

"I have considered," she went on, "that it is an occasion for the sacrifice of private ethics to a great purpose, the sooner to end the slaughter."

"All true!" whispered an inner voice. He (Lanny) was, in the old days, of their comradeship. It gave her strength. All true!

"Yes, an end—a speedy end!" said Westerling with a fine, inflexible emphasis. "That is your prayer and mine and the prayer of all lovers of humanity."

"It is little that I know, but such as it is you shall have it," she began, conscious of his guarded scrutiny.

When she told him of Bordir, the weak point in the first line of the Browns' defense, she noted no change in his steady look; but with the mention of Engadri in the main line she detected a gleam in his eyes that had the merciless delight of a cutting edge of steel. "I have made my sacrifice to some purpose?" The information is worth something to you?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes, yes! Yes, it promises that way," he replied thoughtfully.

Quietly he began a considerate catechism. Soon she was subtly understanding that her answers lacked the convincing details that he sought. She longed to avert her eyes from him for an instant, but she knew that this would be fatal. She felt the force of him directed in professional channels, free of all personal relations, beating as a strong light on her bare statements. How could a woman ever have learned two such vital secrets? How could it happen that two such critical points as Bordir and Engadri should go undefended? No tactician, no engineer but would have realized their strategic importance. Did she know what she was saying? How did she get her knowledge? These, she understood, were the real questions that underlay Westerling's polite introduction.

"But I have not told you the sources of my information! Isn't that like a woman?" she exclaimed. "You see, it did not concern me at all at the time I heard it. I didn't even realize its importance and I didn't hear much," she proceeded, her introduction giving time for improvisation.

"You see, Partow was inspecting the premises with Colonel Lanstron. My mother had known Partow in her younger days when my grandfather was premier. We had them both to luncheon."

"Yes?" put in Westerling, betraying his eagerness. Partow and Lanstron! Then her source was one of authority, not the gossip of subalterns!

"And it occurs to me now that, even while he was our guest," she later lectured in sudden indignation—"that even while he was our guest Partow was planning to make our grounds a redoubt!"

"After luncheon I remember Partow saying, 'We are going to have a look at the crops,' and they went for a walk out to the knoll where the fighting began."

"Yes! When was that?" Westerling asked keenly.

"Only about six weeks ago," answered Mart.

"Later, I came upon them unexpectedly after they had returned," she went on. "They were sitting there on that seat concealed by the shrubbery. I was on the terrace steps unobserved and I couldn't help overhearing them. Their voices grew louder with the interest of their discussion. I caught something about appropriations and aeroplanes and Bordir and Engadri, and saw that Lanstron was pleading with his chief. He wanted a sum ap-

propriated for fortifications to be applied to building planes and dirigibles. Finally, Partow consented, and I recall his exact words: 'They're shockingly archaically defended, especially Engadri,' he said, 'but they can wait until we get further appropriations in the fall.' She was so far under the spell of her own invention that she believed the reality of her words, reflected in her wide-open eyes which seemed to have nothing to hide.

"That is all," she exclaimed with a shudder—"all my eavesdropping, all my breach of confidence! If—if!" and her voice trembled with the intensity of the one purpose that was shining with the light of truth through the muck of her deception—"It will only help to end the slaughter!" She held out her hand convulsively in parting as if she would leave the room with him.

"I think it will," he said soberly.

"I think it will prove that you have done a great service," he repeated as he caught both her hands, which were cold from her ordeal. His own were

warm with the strong beating of his heart stirred by the promise of what he had just heard. But he did not prolong the grasp. He was as eager to be away to his work as she to be alone. "I think it will. You will know in the morning," he added.

His steps were sturdier than ever in the power of five against three as he started back to the house. When he reached the veranda, Bouchard, the supreme chief of intelligence, appeared in the doorway of the dining-room; or, rather, reappeared, for he had been standing there throughout the interview of Westerling and Mart, whose heads were just visible above the terrace wall, to his hawk eyes.

"A little promenade in the open and my mind made up," said Westerling, clapping Bouchard on the shoulder.

"Something about an attack tonight?" asked Bouchard.

"You guess right. Call the others."

Five minutes later he was seated at the head of the dining-room table with his chiefs around him waiting for their chairman to speak. He asked some categorical questions almost perfunctorily, and the answer to each was, "Ready!" with, in some instances, a qualification—the qualification made by regimental and brigade commanders that, though they could take the position in front of them, the cost would be heavy. Yes, all were willing and ready for the first general assault of the war, but they wanted to state the costs as a matter of professional self-defense.

Westerling could pose when it served his purpose. Now he rose and, going to one of the wall maps, indicated a point with his forefinger.

"If we got that we have the most vital position, haven't we?"

Some uttered a word of assent; some only nodded. A glance or two of curiosity was exchanged. Why should the chief of staff ask so elementary a question? Westerling was not unconsciously of the glances or of their meaning. They gave dramatic value to his next remark.

"We are going to make for our main attack in front at Bordir!"

"But," exclaimed four or five officers at once, "that is the heart of the position! That is—"

"I believe it is weak—that it will fall, and tonight!"

"You have information, then, information that I have not?" asked Bouchard.

"No more than you," replied Westerling. "Not as much if you have anything new."

"Nothing!" admitted Bouchard wryly. He lowered his head under Westerling's penetrating look in the consciousness of failure.

"I am going on a conviction—on putting two and two together!" Westerling announced. "I am going on my experience as a soldier, as a chief of staff. If I am wrong, I take the responsibility. If I am right, Bordir will be ours before morning. It is settled!"

"If you are right, then," exclaimed Turcas—"well, then, it's genius or—"

He did not finish the sentence. He had been about to say coincidence; while Westerling knew that if he were right all the rising skepticism in certain quarters, owing to the delay in his program, would be unsalable. His prestige would be unassailable.

(To Be Continued.)

Spared Listeners and Himself.

For humor, combined with brevity, it would not be easy to rival the French cleric, who, on the festival of St. James, was called upon to pronounce a panegyric on the saint. "My brethren," he said, "twelve months ago I preached an eulogy on the eminent apostle whose festival we celebrate today. As I doubt not, you were all very attentive to me, and as I have not learned anything new of him, I have nothing to add to what I said at the time."

Possible of Application.

An old woodsman was walking through a forest when he saw a large bear approaching him. Realizing his predicament, he exclaimed: "Oh Lord, be with me!" Still the bear came on, when the man again prayed: "Oh Lord, be on my side." Seeing the bear continue to approach, the woodsman, whipping out his knife, exclaimed: "Oh Lord, if you won't be on my side, just declare neutrally, and I'll show you the gold-famished bear fight you ever saw in your life!"

The Earth's Shadow.

The earth has a shadow, but very few ever see it, except in eclipse of the moon, or else few recognize it when they see it. Nevertheless, many of us have noticed it on fine, cloudless evenings in summer shortly before sunset, a rosy pink arc on the horizon opposite the sun, with a bluish gray segment under it. As the sun sinks the arc rises until it attains the zenith and even passes it. This is the shadow of the earth.

Worth Knowing.

The laurel was much in favor in olden days, as it meant "love triumphs." The Greek bride wore a wreath of myrtle. A bride of today may choose her own flower if she wishes, stamping it with her individuality. Some girls take the flower allotted to the month, especially if the time happens to be June, with its wealth of roses. Widows usually wear violets, either white or purple, or a combination of both.

Always Easy to Get Spies.

It is an international law, but an unwritten one, that a sovereign cannot lawfully require a subject to serve as a spy, except in a singular case, and that of the last importance. Nevertheless, no country will ever lack spies, for the work that is required of them is so adventurous and so well paid that thousands of men would jump at the opportunity to become a secret service agent.

"I'm Going on My Experience as a Soldier."

"I'm Going to Fight for the Browns—For My Home!"

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# KAISER'S ARMY SANDWICHED IN One, and Perhaps Two, Corps Almost Completely Enveloped RUSSIANS WITHHOLD DETAILS

Unofficial Reports Say Invaders Are Utterly Crushed and Complete Annihilation or Surrender Are Only Alternatives—Lured Into Trap Which Is Closed Upon Them With Iron Grip—Kitchener Says Russian Forces Is Greatest Yet—Muscovite Victory Operating Successfully Against Turkey—Comparative Quiet In Western Theatre of War

The Russian general staff is still withholding the details of the victory which all other dispatches from Petrograd say the Russians have won over the German forces that penetrated Poland.

The official report simply says that the battle continues to develop to the advantage of the Russians and that the Germans are trying to extricate themselves from a position that is very unfavorable for them. The Germans, on the other hand, claim they have inflicted heavy losses on the Russians between Lodz and Lawica.

Not only is the army of the invaders believed to be utterly crushed and 100,000 men killed or captured, but the greatest of the surviving corps has been cut off, and even now the work of further slaughter is going on. Complete annihilation or surrender are the alternatives of the invaders, under General von Hindenburg. His army is divided and he cannot hope to rally his forces.

This information is semi-official and is believed to anticipate by a few hours official confirmation by the general staff.

Petrograd is Rejoicing  
There is an undercurrent of rejoicing in Petrograd which is setting everybody on the edge of expectation. The great news has not been made public, but official dispatches were so worded as to arouse high hopes, and now from trustworthy sources which was known at the embassies has been spreading throughout the city.

The policy of the Russian headquarters staff has been always to understate successes until they are able to announce them completely. But the modest statement that "we have taken a number of prisoners" is read in the light of a new departure.

What has happened is that the Russian general staff out-generaled the Germans, luring them into a trap and then closed it upon them with an iron grip which cannot be resisted.

The Kaiser's hysterical telegrams, alternately imploring and commanding the generals to save the country from invasion by hurrying back the Russian armies, appear to have flustered and worried them so that they did not stop to form a plan but advanced blindly and put their heads in the noose which the Russians were waiting to pull tight.

Defeat Was Inevitable  
The military authorities in Petrograd, assuming that the unofficial reports of a victory are true, express astonishment that the Germans should have attacked Lodz, for they say defeat there was inevitable.

The Germans, who advanced from the north and south, these military observers add, doubtless intended to seize the railway between Skierniewice and Piotrkow and interrupt communication between the northern and southern Russian armies, but that Grand Duke Nicholas, with the enormous number of men at his command, was able to sandwich them and direct his attacks from all points except due west.

The reported failure of the German crown prince's army advance on the Cracow-Czestochowa front is considered by these military critics as contributing to the checking of the Germans.

It is said in Petrograd that one, if not two, German army corps are almost completely enveloped and that they are making a desperate effort to fight their way out to the north. Already a large number of prisoners are reported to have passed through Warsaw.

Kitchener's Statement  
This is considered in London to confirm the unofficial reports and the statement of Lord Kitchener in the house of lords that "the reinforced Russian troops in this neighborhood have been able to check and defeat the Germans, with, I believe, heavier losses than they ever sustained before."

The Russians are said to be conducting their advance through the Carpathians, in western Galicia and against Cracow, and Professor Bernard Pares, the British government's representative with the Russian headquarters staff, says the Muscovite forces are forming a half circle around East Prussia, so as to avoid the well-fortified and difficult Mariann lake region. They also are declared to be operating with success against the Turks in the Caucasus.

Quiet In the West  
Except for artillery fighting, the battle in the west remains virtually at a standstill, although in isolated attacks both sides claim to have made some progress. There is no indication where the next German blow is to be struck in their attempt to reach the French coast.

Lord Kitchener in the house of lords declared that all the days in the British army, which for a long time had fought against great odds, now had been filled, and that both British and French reinforcements had

reached the front.  
While Kitchener expressed confidence in the result of the war and asserted that 30,000 recruits were joining the British army each week, he warned the public that still more men would be required.

## REPORTED GREAT SUCCESS

Subscriptions to British War Loan of \$1,750,000,000 Have Closed

Lists of subscriptions to the greatest war loan in history, amounting to \$1,750,000,000, or rather more than half the total of the British national debt, have closed at London and the loan, it is stated, will be a great success, although no official figures as yet are available.

Counting at a time when the London stock exchange is closed and immediately after \$300,000,000 of fresh taxation had been imposed, the result is considered remarkably indicative of the determination of the country to enable the government to prosecute the war to a successful end.

## "POLITICAL IDIOCY"

What Germany's Official Organ Says of Reports of Desires For Peace

The German official organ, the Cologne Gazette, declares that the reports of a German desire for peace, which it says are probably inspired by the British, belong to the "region of higher political idiocy."

"The position of the Germans, neither in the east nor the west," it continues, "is critical. The German military undertakings on all the battlefields are progressing favorably. Neither the military nor the political situation contains any reason which might make Germany desirous to conclude peace."

## LAST MEN CALLED OUT

War Has Left Austria Even Without Her School Teachers

Austria's last available forces have been called to the colors, according to a dispatch from Vienna. It says that the schools will be closed for lack of teachers.

"From Dec. 1," asserts the dispatch, "all schools in Trieste and the surrounding districts will be closed. A majority of the teachers have been called up, they being members of the last landsturm. The levy has absolutely cleared the whole country of men."

## AWAITS CALL OF ALLIES

Portuguese Congress Preparing to Send Troops Into the War Zone

A dispatch from Lisbon says that the Portuguese congress decided that Portugal should co-operate with the allies when it considers the step necessary.

The minister of war will issue a decree for partial mobilization.

## A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE

The question whether the payment of big annuities was being made to certain relations of the reigning royal family when members of their families were fighting for Germany against Great Britain was raised in the house of commons by William Young.

Thus far during the war the British royal navy has lost 4327 officers and men killed and 473 wounded, while 968 men are missing and 1576 are captives or have been interned.

These figures are contained in a statement issued by the admiralty, and include, in addition to naval men, the marines of the royal naval division.

Christians have been massacred and their shops and homes sacked by a large force of Turks at Trebizond, a message from Constantinople declares.

Trebizond is a seaport of Asiatic Turkey on the Black sea. The Christian inhabitants are chiefly Greeks and Armenians. The Christian quarters are outside the walls.

The island of Herm, one of the channel group off the coast of Guernsey, which is less than one square mile in area, has been occupied by British troops as a precaution against its possible use by Germany.

During a furious bombardment of Ypres the Germans wrought more damage than any time during the six weeks they have been vainly fighting for the place. Shot and shell from the big guns wrecked the famous Halls or market place and destroyed the town hall, both being structures of great historic interest and dating back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries respectively.

A report on the activities of the American relief commission to date shows that it delivered in Rotterdam during the first four months of its existence 23,290 tons of foodstuffs, most of which have been actually distributed in Belgium.

The discovery of an anti-war plot in Russia, with the arrest of several members of the douma at a revolutionary meeting, which is semi-officially announced from Petrograd, is a picturesque incident of the news and shows that the old-time democratic flame that is always smouldering beneath the surface in the czar's domains is apt to break forth at any time.

Engineer Scalded to Death  
Timothy D. Harrington, 65, engineer of a Fall River, Mass., mill, was scalded to death while at work in the engine room when the cylinder head on the engine blew out.

Peasantry a Suicide  
Herbert F. McLane, a postmaster at Killbuck, Conn., was killed while on duty in a Providence, R. I., police station, according to the medical examiner's report.

Welsh Retains Championship  
Fred Welsh, the lightweight champion, defeated Fred Yella at Boston, retaining the decision after twelve rounds of boxing.

# GOES DOWN IN THREE MINUTES

British Battleship Bulwark Is Blown Up In Thames

## OVER SEVEN HUNDRED PERISH

Admiralty Claims That Magazine Exploded, but Others Fear German Submarine May Have Caused Disaster—But Fourteen Survivors of Explosion at Sheerness

Britain's great navy suffered from another of the catastrophes which have followed on the heels of each other since the war was declared.

The big battleship Bulwark, of 16,000 tons displacement, is a shattered wreck on the bottom of the Thames, not more than thirty-five miles from London, and of her crew of over 800 men only fourteen non-commissioned officers and men survive. The others went down with their ship. There was no chance to rescue them. The ship sank in three minutes.

The Bulwark was blown up, but whether her doom was the result of an accident from within, or of an attack by a German submarine, is not yet known. Officials profess to believe that the enemy had nothing to do with this latest disaster to the British navy, but London fears that the dreaded submarine of Germany has scored a fresh triumph, and this time almost at the doors of London itself.

The explosion occurred while the Bulwark was lying off Sheerness, which is at the mouth of the estuary of the Medway. Ammunition was being loaded on the warship. Suddenly there was a terrific roar. Dense clouds of flame and steam shot up in the air, completely enveloping the Bulwark.

Three minutes later, when the smoke had partially cleared, where the Bulwark had been, there was nothing except a tossed sea and the heads of fourteen men who were frantically keeping themselves on the surface. All the rest of the 800 were dead.

There was nothing in human power which could render them any aid. The survivors were quickly picked up by small craft which rushed to their assistance. They could tell little or nothing of the tragedy. It all happened too quickly. All they knew was that the great ship had been rent to pieces and had gone down.

It is believed that the explosion occurred in the forward magazine. The cause will be determined by a commission which has been appointed to investigate the whole affair.

The possibility that a German submarine wrought the destruction of the Bulwark has thrown London in a state of semi-panic. If the under-sea ships can come so close to London, people are wondering what can stop them progressing to the metropolis itself.

In spite of the great navy of the empire, the belief is expressed that the shipping of Great Britain is not safe even in the waters which flow through the capital and past the historic buildings which line its shores.

In the opinion of naval men it was an internal explosion that put an end to the battleship. There was no great upheaval of water, such as would have occurred if she had been torpedoed or struck by a mine. Instead, the ship was enveloped in smoke and flames, and when this had cleared nothing could be seen but wreckage floating on the sea.

Houses in towns seven and eight miles away were shaken by the explosion, and even before men on ships anchored nearby could reach their own decks the Bulwark had disappeared. The water nearby presented a terrible appearance, being strewn with an enormous amount of wreckage, while pieces of the battleship were thrown six or seven miles onto the Essex shore.

The disaster was officially reported to the house of commons by Winston Churchill, first lord of the admiralty. He said:

"The loss of the ship does not sensibly affect our military position, but I regret the loss of life, which was very heavy. Only fourteen men were saved. All the officers and the rest of the crew, which I suppose amounted to between 700 and 800, perished."

Although only twelve years old and no longer on the first fighting line, the Bulwark was a useful unit. The loss of the ship, however, was nothing compared with the heavy loss in trained officers and men.

The Bulwark in her early career was quite a favored ship. For a long time she was the flagship of Admiral Beresford in the Mediterranean.

She was of 16,000 tons displacement, was laid down in 1899 and completed in 1902. She was 411 feet long, 76 feet wide and drew 29 feet of water. Her armament consisted of four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch guns, sixteen 12-pounders, six 3-pounders and four submerged torpedo tubes. She had a complement of 750 men.

Frank Plea Turned Down  
Justice Lamar refused to issue a writ of error to bring to the United States supreme court for review the conviction of Leo M. Frank, under sentence of death for the murder of Mary Phagan at Atlanta.

Killed With His Dog  
Thomas McNulty, 50, while walking on the railroad tracks at Pawtucket, R. I., with his pet bulldog, was struck and killed. The dog tried to pull his master from the track and was killed in the attempt.

# RICHARD CROKER TAKES YOUNG BRIDE

Ex-Chieftain of Tammany Weds Indian Chief's Granddaughter

Kotaw Katuntuchy, better known as Beulah B. Edmondson, whose grandfather, Chief Sequoy, was a Cherokee warrior, is the bride of Richard W. Croker, who used to be the "Big Chief" of Tammany Hall. Her father, a Scotchman, married Princess Sequoyah, the Indian chief's daughter.

Mr. Croker, rector of St. Agnes church, performed the ceremony.

Croker and Miss Edmondson gave interesting details of their life history to the marriage license clerk at city hall. It developed that Croker is 73 years old, and not 71, as generally supposed. He also has a middle name, Welsted. None of his intimate friends ever remember seeing it in print before.

The bride is 23 years old, and says she is a poet and lecturer, chiefly on subjects relating to her race. She is an accomplished singer, very talented and popular among a wide circle of friends.

## SIEGEL DECLARED GUILTY

Merchant-Banker Gets \$1000 Fine and Ten Months in Prison

Henry Siegel, the New York merchant-banker, was adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor in connection with the failure of his chain of department stores and private banks by the verdict of the jury.

A fine of \$1000 and ten months' imprisonment was the sentence imposed by Justice Clark.

If by the second Monday of next June, to which time stay of execution of sentence was granted, Siegel makes a substantial payment to the 15,000 depositors who lost \$2,500,000 in the private bank he conducted in the Fourteenth street store, the execution of sentence of ten months in the Monroe county penitentiary will be indefinitely postponed. If he fails to "make good," in the language of Justice Clark, a bench warrant for his arrest will be issued.

## GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Three brothers, Joseph, Andrew and Bartolo Benetti, aged 4, 5 and 6 years, respectively, broke through the thin ice on the Shopaug river at Roxbury, Conn., and were drowned.

Harold Carlson, 13, and Matty Grosfors, 8, were drowned at Worcester, Mass., when they broke through thin ice on which they were skating.

Despondent over business reverses, Frederick F. Nagell, of Newton, Mass., committed suicide by shooting.

Lying down on a bed beside his sleeping 9-year-old son, and with his 8-year-old daughter slumbering on a cot close by, Charles Goodney, a widower, committed suicide at Worcester, Mass., by shooting.

Cardinal Aristides Cavalieri, patriarch of Venice, is dead.

A public schoolhouse at Osterville, Mass., built three years ago at a cost of \$20,000, was burned. The cause of the fire is not known.

The large clubhouse of the Highland country club at Westfield, Conn., was burned. The loss is about \$50,000.

Robert Balestracci, 11, broke through thin ice and drowned while attempting to cross a pit on his way home from school at Rockport, Mass.

In the office of the Kosmos Supply company at Boston, of which he was the manager, George A. Hermanico, 60, committed suicide by shooting.

While crossing a pond on thin ice in quest of laurel and evergreen, David Erickson, 22, of Norwell, Mass., was drowned.

The Haverhill Herald company, publishers of the Haverhill Herald, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy at Boston. The liabilities are fixed at \$48,293.74.

Escaping gas in a Boston lodging house killed Charles Mangela of Duluth, Wis., who was on his way to

# HEAD COVERED WITH DANDRUFF

In Thick Crust, Hair Thin and Dry, Fell Out By Handfuls. Head Itched and Burned. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Dandruff All Gone.

457 N. Front St., New Bedford, Mass.—"I always had scalp trouble until now. My hair was thin and dry and my head all covered with a thick crust of dandruff which would itch so much that I would scratch until my scalp became all red. My hair fell out by handfuls so fast that I had but a little left, and my head itched and burned."

"I used everything I could hear of but without effect. When by chance I saw the advertisement of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment in the paper I sent for sample and used them. After finding them so good I bought some more and now my hair is growing steadily and nice and glossy. The dandruff is all gone." (Signed) Miss L. Nolan, Jan. 3, 1914.

## Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment have proved most valuable for the treatment of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness of the face and hands, dandruff, itching, irritated scalp with dry, thin and falling hair, as well as for irritations and chafings of infancy and for all purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Cuticura Soap (25c) and Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold everywhere, a sample of each with 32-p. Skin Book will be sent free upon request. Address: "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."



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you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

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you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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## The Telephone Democracy.

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## Good Hunting

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## The Voice of Cash.

Apropos of a young girl's rich marriage an official said:

"Our girls don't marry disadvantageously as often as our boys do. In the whirl of love the female doesn't seem to get quite as dizzy as the male does."

"A pretty girl told me the other day that she was engaged to a very rich landowner."

"Well, well," said I. "And here we all thought you'd marry the eloquent young preacher who took you about so much last summer."

"The girl smiled."

"Deeds speak louder than words," she said."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She—All men are liars.  
He—George Washington wasn't.  
She—That's right. He told the truth once and it was so remarkable an act for one of your sex that it has gone into history.

"Hoah about Chawliel!"  
"No. What's wrong with him?"  
"Brain fever."  
"My word! What caused it?"  
"Trying to roll a cigarette in a high wind."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Deacon Creaker (referring to the preacher)—He was once on the stage, but he found the church more congenial. Keenan (from another city)—Doubtless on account of the fact that congregations don't hiss.—Puck.

## JONES WROTE POETRY.

And Laid a Layer of Bricks For Every Line He Composed.

Several years ago I wrote an essay for the Atlantic Monthly on "The Hundred Worst Poets." For a place in the list I selected a book in my library entitled "Poems on Several Occasions," published in 1749 by one Jones, a poet whose name was unknown to me until I perused the verses. The pages were so fresh that I cherished the belief that I was the only reader in a century and a half. I had the pride of possession in Jones.

It was some time after that I came across, in Walpole's letters, an allusion to my esteemed poet. It seems that Colley Cibber, when he thought he was dying, wrote to the prime minister recommending the poetess Mrs. Henry Jones, for the vacant laurel. Lord Chesterfield told me more of him.

I was never more astonished in my life than when I visualized the situation and saw my friend Jones "the laureate" of a demand for the revision of the laureateship.

It seemed that Walpole was equally surprised, and when he next met Lord Chesterfield the eager question was, "Who is Jones, and why should he be recommended for the position of poet laureate?" Lord Chesterfield answered, "A better poet would not take the post, and a worse could not have it." It appears that Jones was an Irish bricklayer and had made it his custom to work a certain number of hours according to an unyielding rule. He would lay a layer of brick and then compose a line of poetry, and so on until his day's task was over. This accounts for the marvelous regularity of his verse.

This was but a small discovery, but it gave a real pleasure, for should I meet my Lord Chesterfield he and I would at once have a common interest. We both had discovered Jones, and quite independently.—Atlantic Monthly.

## ONE VIEW OF BISMARCK.

His Love of Music and His Dislike of Wagner as a Man.

Talking of the arts Bismarck said: "Of music I am very fond, but now I have to abstain from hearing it because it comes only too readily into my ears. My heart is stronger than my head. Indeed, what self control I have has been bought by experience." Many instances occurred during our conversations which gave the truth to this assertion.

"The extreme mobility of his countenance and the various shades of expression which passed over it told of a sensitive, emotional temperament. But I have a fire within me still which burns at times with fury." Upon that I asked, "Are you in reality the iron chancellor?" "No," he said, "not naturally; the iron I have created to use when necessary." And that I believe to be true.

I asked him if he knew Wagner personally. "Yes," he answered, "but it was quite impossible for me to care for him or to encourage his society. I had not time to submit to his insufferable vanity. Before breakfast, at breakfast, before and after dinner, Wagner demanded sympathy and admiration. His egotism was wearisome and intolerable, and his demand for a listener was so incessant that I was obliged to avoid his company. I was too busy with my affairs to be able to give him all or even a portion of the demands he would have claimed upon my time. But I admire his music greatly, though I have been compelled to give up going to the opera because the beautiful and touching melodies I cannot get out of my head; they cling to me, and I find it difficult to release myself from them, and now it tries me to be so much moved." From "Conversations with Prince Bismarck," by W. R. Richmond, the English painter, in North American Review.

## Recognized Their Old Friend.

The late Sir John Steel, who was sculptor to Queen Victoria, was modeling a bust of Miss Nightingale when an officer, one of the highland regiments which had suffered so cruelly in the Crimea heard that the bust had just been completed and was in Sir John's studio. Many of the men in his company had passed through the hospital at Scutari, and he obtained permission from the sculptor to bring some of them to see it. Accordingly a squad of men one day marched into the studio and stood in line. They had no idea why they had been mustered in so strange a place. Without a word of warning the bust was uncovered, and then, as by one impulse, the men broke rank and with cries of "Miss Nightingale, Miss Nightingale!" surrounded the model and, with hats off, cheered the figure of their devoted nurse until the roof rang. So spontaneous and hearty and so inspiring was the whole scene that in after days Sir John Steel declared it to be the greatest compliment of his life.

## Fog-headed?

It is an interesting fact that the two studies of arithmetic and geography seem to be diametrically opposed to each other in the affections of school children. Pupils who are particularly proficient in one are apt to be backward in the other. A story is told of a little boy who was slow in arithmetic and whose apparent stupidity in this field was a great source of grief to his father, who had been a mathematician. One day when the father and son were walking out they passed a place where a "learned pig" was on exhibition and the father took the boy to see this porcine prodigy.

"Just look at that," said the father. "Why, there's a pig that can count and add up numbers! Don't you wish you were as smart as he?"

"He?" answered the boy. "Just let me ask him a few questions in geography!"

## Feathered His Nest.

"What do you think of this Jimson tree?" he directed from politics.

"Is he? Then I bet he's got the all-mor!"—Baltimore American.

## Downfall of an Astronomer.

M. Gaudule was the aged cook of the French astronomer Lalande. Like many men of distinction in his country and era, Lalande at one time dabbled a little in the culinary art himself. He contrived a sauce or two which Gaudule pronounced promising for an amateur, and he was an expert maker of salads, which he was wont to prepare at table for the delectation of his guests.

"But there is now no more of that," Gaudule lamented. "With his head full of miserable stars he hardly knows oil from vinegar. He makes no more salads, the unhappy man, and those which I prepare for him with the utmost care and serve charmingly—salads to tempt a king—he devours without a glance, without a word, without savouring, without appreciating, as if they were no more than boiled cabbage! A donkey eating thistles along the highway is more grateful for his dinner. Stars are well enough in the sky, look you, but it is impossible to permit them to interfere with your meals here on earth. Heaven, which created victuals and inspires cooks, never intended it. . . . Gaudule, say so."

## Bravery of the Belgians.

When Caesar in his "Commentaries" pronounced the Belgians the bravest of all the Gauls he was merely recording the reputation that they had earned on many a battlefield and which they maintained even in defeat. Caesar overwhelmed more than a quarter of a million of them in the year of his conquest of the banks of the Rhine. After the crushing defeat on the Alesia several tribes, headed by the Nervii, made a last stand on the Sambre, taking the offensive against the Roman legions and very nearly defeating them by the intensity of their onslaught. But the training and discipline of Rome saved Caesar, and the final result of the heroic resistance of the Nervii was their practical annihilation. Their peace emissaries said, "Of 600 senators we have lost all but three; of 60,000 fighting men but 600 remain." It is from this stock that the Belgians of today are descended.—E. J. Spillstone in Leslie's.

## Attack of the Cossacks.

The Russian Cossacks have a form of attack which is peculiarly their own. It is known as the "lava." Cossack horses are specially trained to carry out the maneuver. The leading squad (squadron) spreads out to right and left, and the others, at full speed, form up on either side of it in a semicircle or half moon. Every man with a lance is attended by a man wearing a sword, and all the officers are in front of the men of each squad. The other squadrons do not wait for a special order, but at once adopt the same formation, endeavoring to surround the enemy from another side. With loud shouts reminiscent of the red Indian war-whoop the Cossacks rush down on the foe, and even though the first assault be repulsed another "lava" pours down on the shaken enemy. This system of attack takes its name, of course, from the liquid products of volcanic activity.—London Mail.

## Ancient Astronomy.

A most interesting discovery in Egypt has been made, where an observatory has been found at Merose at the bottom of a well in an underground bathing establishment, the advantage of such an observatory being that the stars could be seen by day as well as by night. This observatory, it is claimed, was evidently a copy of the famous observatory at Assuan, where the circumference of the earth was first determined—a work which was said to have been done at the bottom of the well. The chamber in which the astronomer's instruments were placed was ideally fitted for its purpose. Only a strip of sky was observable. On one of the stucco walls the astronomer has left a record of his calculations.

## Must Have Some Evidence.

"I tell you, Jack," said the enthusiast in the Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung, "I have a new car that is wonderful. It runs so smoothly that you can't feel it. It makes no noise at all, and there is no smell of gasoline. And speed! Why, it goes so fast that you can't see it!"

"Indeed?" replied his friend. "You can't tell it. Hear it, smell it or see it. How under the sun do you know you've got a car, then?"

## Ten Dollars a Leak.

"And when my day's work is through," said the fat plumber, "there is nothing I enjoy so much as dropping off to sleep and dreaming."

"And what are your favorite dreams?" asked the bawdy friend.

"Why, pipe dreams."—Philadelphia Record.

## A Laundry Puzzle.

Teacher—I should like my pupils to take a pride in their personal appearance. Now, you, Thomas, how many collars do you wear a week? Thomas—Please, mks. do you mean how many weeks do I wear a collar?—London Telegraph.

## His Explanation.

"But, Jack, you said you adored me." "Did I? Well, another girl had just rejected me and at that moment I didn't much care what I said."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Just as Well.

"I can't accept your offer of affection, my dear sir." "All right, madam. Then will you please return it?"—Baltimore American.

## Self-trust is the first secret of success.—Emerson.

## Painfully Particular.

"If you refuse me this time," he said, "I shall never ask you to be my wife again."

"Oh, please," replied the girl from Boston. "try to use better English. I never have been your wife. Why should you ask me to be your wife again?"—Chicago Herald.

## Passing of the Epitaph.

A monument dealer says but few people now have epitaphs on the monuments of their loved ones. It is getting so in many cases that you can't guess a fellow's final destination by the way the marble ticket routes him.

## GOOD JOKE ON WIFEY

MRS. TRUEBOY'S FLIRTATION WITH HANDSOME "STRANGER."

She Really Thought She Had Never Before Seen the Young Man Who Taught Her to Swim, but It Turned Out She Had.

"You never—never—do the one thing I have asked you to do until I've tired of asking!" said pretty Mrs. Trueboy to her husband.

"O, you mean"—and he flourished one hand about his face, with a grin. "Yes, just that. I want you to shave. You're the only man in the neighborhood with a beard."

"Well, my dear, I want some badge of distinction."

"I don't care! I'm getting to hate your beard! Just think of it! I never saw you with a smooth face!"

"But when we were sparkling, dear, you thought my beard so nice—so, silky, you said, and so becoming."

"But I've changed my mind. Other men of your age don't wear a beard. Nobody but old codgers. Besides, the other women talk about it. 'His must have a weak face,' I heard one of the neighbors say. She didn't think I was listening, the cat!"

"Well, dear, if you insist upon it, I'll shave the moment I get back from this fishing trip."

"What! Are you going fishing again?"

"Yes. Up in Canada. Want to come along?"

"I should think not! And if you go fishing again, I shall go down to the shore for a couple of weeks. I suppose you'll be gone that long?"

"All right, my dear. Do and enjoy yourself. But don't flirt too much."

"Flirt! The ideal! About you ashamed of yourself, John Trueboy! But I suppose you flirt when you're fishing."

"A little with the fish, yes. But there are no pretty girls where I'm going. We have to rough it up there."

"I don't believe you. Besides, you see plenty of pretty girls on the way there and back."

"I do not!" And John Trueboy caught her in his arms and tried to kiss her.

"I'll never kiss you again, John, until you get rid of your beard. And I'll have a good look at you when you are shaved before I kiss you then." And she seemed to mean it.

John Trueboy started on his fishing trip, and Mrs. Trueboy lost no time in making for the seashore.

Before Mrs. Trueboy started, however, she attended two bargain sales and outfitted herself elaborately. The season was a bit late, and she made bargains. She got a fetching bathing suit that displayed her rightly figure to the best advantage, and when she first made her appearance on the shore she was very good to look at, with a polka-dotted red bathing cap that gave the final touch of charm. She was a fine swimmer and looked far more alluring in the water than some women do on shore.

Mrs. Trueboy had no notion of flirting when she went to the shore, although she felt a little resentment at Trueboy for selfishly going fishing and leaving her to her own devices.

But the first day she did flirt with a young man—one of the very few in the water—to the anger of every other woman on the beach. She sat with him and swam with him, and in the evening she danced with him. And he appreciated her kindness. The next day, as she was floating and swimming about and wondering whether she had done just right in the matter, she caught a glimpse of a handsome young man floating near her. She had noticed him at breakfast, for he was a fresh arrival, and had been tempted to indulge in a slight flirtation there and then, for he had encouraged it. But all at once she thought of John Trueboy, away up in Canada, and she really began to believe he couldn't flirt on a fishing trip.

But she changed her mind. She was floating in shallow water, as she found by touching bottom, and the temptation was too great. She pretended she couldn't swim, and shrieked and made a show of helplessness. This experimental deceit is sometimes affected by young women who really could give a mermaid a race.

The handsome fellow, of course, came to her rescue, and their acquaintance began. He set about teaching her. Young women who can't swim or who pretend they can't and young men who teach young women how to swim know something of the peculiar intimacy of this joyous task. It was not long before Mrs. Trueboy forgot all about John in Canada, and she even looked at the young man she had dined with but yesterday as though she never before had seen him. At moments her conscience troubled her a bit, but she got over that. This was too much fun to be worrying about anything else.

"You seem to like me," said the young man unblushingly, as they waded out.

Mrs. Trueboy looked about in alarm. This was not the voice that had been teaching her to swim. But it was the voice of John Trueboy, who had shaved.—Judge.

## Ivory in Commerce.

When the king and queen visited the London docks a short time ago, they saw laid out on the floor of one of the great warehouses \$750,000 worth of ivory—an array of fine tusks which must have represented great hunting adventures in tropical forests.

## How the Amphion Went Down.

Harwich, England.—Survivors of the cruiser Amphion which was sunk by a mine in the North Sea say that as the vessel struck the mine she gave two plunging jerks. Then came an explosion which ripped up her forecast, shot up her funnels like arrows from a bow, and lifted her heavy guns into the air. The Amphion's men are dreadfully burned and scalded and have marks on their faces and bodies which resemble splashes of acid.

## Consumption Largely Increased Owing to Nervous Excitement Under Which the People Labor.

New York.—A representative of a big cigar company said that during the four weeks after the war began, the business of the company was the largest in its history.

He asserted that the consumption of tobacco had been promoted by the nervous excitement under which the American people are laboring as a result of the war.

Also, he added, the unusually large number of people out of work gives more time to indulge the tobacco habit.

## The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

For Infants and Children.

Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

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## BRITISH ARMY CALM

Soldiers at Mons Fished While Waiting for Attack.

Gallant Charges of the French Turcos at Charleroi, Where the Carnage Was Horrible—Cardinals Bless Troops.

London.—Returning from the front, a correspondent of the Times sends the following under a Paris date:

"At Mons the British troops made themselves at home. Preparations for the city's defense were extremely comforting in their workmanlike detail. In the woods lurked innumerable field guns. Everywhere in the town confidence was dominant."

"When with heavy firing audible to the distance British soldiers can sit quietly on the banks of the canal, calmly fishing with bated breath, the confidence even though from all directions the presence of the dreaded German cavalry is reported."

The next day the correspondent proceeded to Tournai, where he found the populace in great alarm. Six German cavalrymen motored into the town and inquired whether there were any French soldiers. They were told that there were none, but later in the day French troops entered the place and killed the six Germans. The next day a large force of Germans attacked the town and was repulsed.

Proceeding to Valenciennes, the correspondent found that troops trained with British soldiers were courageously arriving there. The British officers were in absolute possession of the reinforcement base and its food was obtainable. "Near Charleroi I heard some stories of the bravery of the French soldiers. The Germans were bombarding the city."

"The French made what amounted to a medieval sortie, but finding the enemy in much greater force than was expected were compelled to withdraw. The bombardment continued relentlessly, whereupon the French Turcos, picked troops from Algeria, debouched from the town and with a gallantry which must surely live in history charged the German battery, bayoneting all the German guns."

"Their losses, it is said, exceeded those of the light brigade at Balaklava. Of a battalion only a hundred men, it is reported, returned unscathed. Their bravery, however, was powerless against the German advance, which crept foot by foot through the outskirts of Charleroi to the very heart of the town."

"There in the narrow streets the carnage was indescribable. The French infantryman told me that the roads became so jammed with dead that the killed remained standing upright where they had been shot, supported by their dead comrades. The last stand of the French was made before the railway station, in front of which passed the canal, where the Germans fought for two hours to take the bridge. After they had captured the station, with heavy casualties, the Germans moved rapidly ahead, taking suburban villages."

The correspondent of the Central News at Paris sends the following:

"The shooting of the British infantrymen on the firing line was wonderful. Every time a German's head showed above a trench and every time the German infantry attempted to rush a position, there came a steady, withering fire from the khaki-clad men lying in extended formation along the wide battle front."

I witnessed a notable scene on the road between Boulogne and Paris. Two English cardinals, Cardinal Bourne, archbishop of Westminster, and Cardinal Gasquet, abbot president of the English Benedictines, were on their way from London to the conclave at Rome. Their train stopped on a siding and by a curious chance a regiment of British troops, which included in its ranks a large body of Irish Catholics was drawn up alongside for a moment. The cardinals leaned out of the window and gave the soldiers their blessing, which the Catholic soldiers, by spontaneous impulse, knelt to receive."

## WAR BOOMS TOBACCO TRADE

Consumption Largely Increased Owing to Nervous Excitement Under Which the People Labor.

New York.—A representative of a big cigar company said that during the four weeks after the war began, the business of the company was the largest in its history.

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## Curable Case.

The widow Gilroy had just told a friend of her engagement.

"But, my dear Margaret," said the friend, "you don't really mean to tell me that you intend marrying a man you've only known for three weeks?"

"Oh, yes," replied the young widow. "I can easily overcome that objection in time. I hope to know him tolerably well after we have been married a couple of years."—Philadelphia Record.

## Poor Place to Fall Out.

Through his megaphone one aviator shouted to another:

"Rise out of my level, or, by the great!"

"All right, all right," shouted the other aviator, elevating his plane instantaneously. "We don't want to fall out here, do we?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## Safety Matches.

"Did you know that there has been a eugenic marriage act in force in Sweden for years and years?"

"I don't believe it."

"Sure. They are the pioneers in the safety match business in that country."—London Telegraph.

## Vanity of Life.

It would be difficult to rival the epitaph of Cardinal Onuphrio which, in half a dozen words sums up the vanity of life—"Here lies a shadow—ashes—nothing!" and that of Cardinal Mariani's beautiful niece, Marie Mancini, who, after draining the cup of worldly pleasure to the dregs, wrote, as she lay dying, her own epitaph, "Marie Mancini, Dust and Ashes."

## Proud of His Belgian Blood.

Paris.—The Prince of Monaco sent the following telegram to King Albert of Belgium: "At a time when our East is being daily menaced by brute force I wish to say to you how proud I am that Belgian blood is in my veins." King Albert replied to this communication in cordial tones.

## Vest American Industries.

Private capital invested in timber lands, mills, logging railroads, and other forms of equipment in this country reach an enormous aggregate, and the lumber industry, which employs 600,000 persons and has an annual output valued at one and one-half billion dollars, is the third largest.

## LOSING A GOLF MATCH.

Just a Little Lack of Concentration Once Defeated Travels.

Writing on golf in the American Magazine, Jerome K. Jerome suggests that lack of concentration, particularly with reference to keeping one's eye on the ball, is the greatest cause of bad golf playing. He says that to practice concentration is very difficult, as he knows from personal experience. He then tells the following story showing how he lost a great match through this fault:

"I know how hard this practice is. I have always thought that but for breaking this cardinal precept I might have had a very good chance to beat Hilton in 1911 at Apawauke—when the English champion carried away our chief amateur trophy."

"In the morning round over the first eighteen holes I had been playing badly and finished four down. Every one, including Hilton, considered the match all in and over. But in the afternoon I started with a rash and won the first three holes, leaving myself only one down and well within reach. At the next hole I had an easy two foot putt to make to win my fourth straight hole and again the match."

"I have always thought that if I had made that putt the odds would have been in my favor. Now, in putting I made it a set rule to look at the ball with my club has struck the spot I am looking at. I have been able to do this by constant practice of concentration. But on this occasion I had a down hill putt, and I was overconfident. And just before my club struck the ball I looked up, pushed the ball to the right of the cup and missed the hole. This upset me for a moment, and I topped my drive at the next hole, losing it. The consolation, coming suddenly, restored Hilton's confidence, which had been ebbing away, and he got going again, with the result that I was beaten three and two."

## NO DISCOUNT ON PIES.

Yet It Seemed as Though, Considering, There Should Have Been.

Mrs. Hannah Fifer, a widow, who earned her living by renting rooms for light housekeeping, had the reputation of being a shrewd manager and much inclined to carry economy to the farthest possible point. She was hard-working, without and seemed never to reach the end of her daily labor. On a certain day Mrs. Castle, one of the "light housekeepers," finding a surplus of time on her hands, kindly offered to help Mrs. Fifer out with her over-flow of work.

"Well, if you feel like it, I wouldn't care if you'd take hold and bake me up a couple of pies," Mrs. Fifer conceded. "That'll help me a lot. There's a bowl of apple sauce that I'm afraid won't keep if it isn't used soon."

After Mrs. Castle had begun work Mrs. Fifer appeared with a supplementary suggestion.

"While you're about it," said she, "maybe you wouldn't mind baking four pies. You won't take any more coal to bake four than two, and that'll be a saving. You can make the filling hold out by having lots of juice to it."

Mrs. Castle agreed to the amendment and worked away industriously until her task was accomplished, when, wearied with her labors, she retired to her own apartment.

In a short time Mrs. Fifer's small daughter, Peggy, appeared at her door.

"Ma says," reported Peggy, "that she don't believe she'll be able to use all them four pies before they dry out, and she wants to know if you won't buy two of 'em off her for 20 cents, and she'll like the 20 cents right away, please."

Mrs. Castle bought the pies, observing to herself with a dry smile, "She might have let me have two for 15 cents—considering."—Youth's Companion.

## Advice to Stage Villain.

"Don't go down to the scene of your crime in the last act," says Jerome K. Jerome. "You always will do this. We suppose it is some extra cheap excursion down there that attracts you. But you take our advice and don't you go. That is always where you get nabbed. The police know your habits from experience. They do not trouble to look for you. They go down in the last act to the old hall or the ruined mill, where you did the deed and wait for you. In nine cases out of ten you would get off scot free but for this idiotic custom of yours."—London Standard.

## Bullet Wounds Not Painful.

Paris.—Numbers of French wounded are being cared for in Paris hospitals. It is frequently remarked among the men that their bullet wounds were not painful. In a large number of cases men who had been hit were not aware of the fact until after the engagement was over. One man declares that he did not know he had been hurt until the following morning. He then discovered a ball had gone through his arm. The only outward indications were two dark spots on the skin, such as might be made by a lead pencil, one on each side of the arm.

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## Zepplins a Great Factor.

T. R. MacMachen, president of the Aeronautical society, said in New York that the German dirigible balloons, especially the Zeppelins, would, in all probability prove a deciding factor in the war. He said that Germany has 24 Zeppelin airships, each capable of lifting 40 tons, and with the regular fighting outfit each could go in the air with four and a-half tons of ammunition. With the accuracy with which aerial torpedoes can be dropped on



## Historical and Genealogical.

### Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be strictly observed: 1. Name and date must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: Miss M. T. HILL, Editor, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1914.

#### NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology, by John Barber, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

1777. Marchant, Henry appointed Delegate to Congress in Feb'y.

1778. Maxson, Rev'd John Sabbatharian Minister Mar. 2.

1779. Mott, Jacob, Quaker Preacher Grandfather of Gen. Greene, died at Portsmouth Jan. 24, age 81 yrs.

1780. MERCURY, The publication of the Newport, resumed Jan'y by Henry Barber (Suspended Dec. 2, 1776.)

1781. Malbone, Evan, died May age 71 at Norwalk, Conn.

1785. Malbone, Francis Sen. came to R. I. from P. A. Co. Virginia about 1758 as a Shipmaster in the employ of Godfrey Malbone, afterwards one of firm E. & F. Malbone, died Jan. 1, 1785, in his 58th year. 2 sons, 3 daughters. (Sons were Francis, Saunders.)

1785. Malbone, Col. Godfrey Jun. eldest son of Godfrey Malbone, was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, returned to R. I. 1744. Appointed Col. of a Regiment of 400 men who were drafted and ordered to Albany but returned without having reached their destination, the Enemy having retreated, until Rev. War. was a partner with his brother John in Newport, then went to Fortm't, where he died without issue Nov. 12, 1785, aged 69 years. Born Sep. 3, 1724.

1791. Manning, Rev'd James, President of Prov. College, died at Prov. July 29, age 63 yrs. First President 1765.

1795. Medusa French Frigate, ar. Newp. June 2nd, having on board Citizen Adet, French Minister to U. S. and Suite.

1795. Medusa Sailed, Sept. 4th and escaped the Brit. Cruisers in a fight.

1795. Mawdsley, John Esq. Merchant died Feb'y age 73 at Newp.

1795. Marchant, Wm. Clerk H. R. also in 1795, 97, 98.

1796. Marchant, Hon. Henry Dist. Judge, died Aug. 30, age 65 Newp.

1797. Mason, Daniel Esq. Merch. Newp. died Sept. 21, age 42 Newp.

1798. Morris, Gouverneur, late Min'r to France, ar. Oct. 31 from Hamburg at Newp.

1799. Moore, Thomas W. late Brit. Consul for R. I. died at London, May 8, age 61 yrs.

1799. Minturn, Capt. Wm. Merch't of N. York died at Newp. Aug. 23.

1801. Malignant Fever prevailed in Prov. and also in Newp. supposed to have been brought to Newport, by Frigate Gen. Greene.

1801. Mason, Doc't Benj. died Sept. 14, age 40 yrs.

1801. Minas, Abraham died age 23, thrown from a Carriage.

1802. MacRae, Major, & Capt. Stoddard ordered away.

1803. Masonic Hall, Newp. dedicated Feb. 22.

1803. Mumford, Paul, L't. Gov'r vice Potter, elected U. S. Senator.

1804. Mumford, Paul, L't. Gov'r. also 1805.

To be continued.

NEWPORT ITEMS OF INTEREST.—Among some papers of Benjamin B. Howland, Town Clerk of Newport for many years, are the following notes of interest to Newporters. These papers of Mr. Howland are now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

Newport Notes made in 1846 by Benjamin B. Howland.—Continued.

In 1845 The Rev. Thomas Leaver, who for 7 or 8 years had been the Pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Newport, resigned his pastoral office, since which they have had no Pastor, and at this time they are in a divided State, growing out of the fact that Mr. Leaver took a strong stand in favor of law and order in the recent troubles in our State.

At the yearly meeting of Friends at Newport in June, 1845, a secession took place, the cause of the disaffection according to the words of a Friend in a communication in the Newport Mercury "is to be found in a spirit of disaffection and desire for individual liberty, that is not willing to submit to the necessary subordination recognized in the discipline which has ever been found to be essential to the welfare and preservation of the Society." The separation took place on the 16th of June, when a number of individuals refusing to submit to the Decision of the meeting in a case in which they were interested, proceeded to appoint clerks and to organize an association which they insist is the yearly meeting of Friends, adhering to the old principles and claimed the meeting house; but not obtaining possession they next day adjourned to the late Doct. Patten's Meeting house in Clarke Street, where they continued their meetings through the week. The main body of the Friends, who retain their place of worship, are called Gurneyites, after Joseph John Gurney of England, and John Wilbour of Hopkinton, Rhode Island. In June, 1846, both bodies held their yearly meeting in Newport, the Gurneyites at the Friends meeting house and the others in Clarke Street Church.

In the month of May, 1845, Miss Rebecca Coe, of Newport, hired the Anthony V. Taylor Estate, in High Street, in Newport, and opened a Boarding School or Seminary for Young Ladies. She has this year purchased the Phinney Estate in Thames Street, where the Seminary is now kept.

August 3, 1845, the Ocean House burnt to the ground. The fire commenced in the cook house, about one o'clock P. M., which for want of water and means immediately at hand to take the building down, soon communicated to the Main building, or the projection from the Main building, and the whole establishment was consumed in about two hours. Samuel Fowles Gardner of

this town, who with others was in that part of the building which extended Eastward from the Main building, and endeavoring to save the furniture, was burnt with the house, all but Mr. Gardner making their escape. The lower part of this projection was used as the dining room, the ceiling of which was supported from the roof by iron rods, and when the roof which first caught gave way, all the upper part of the house came down with a sudden crash into the cellar, burying Mr. Gardner in the ruins. The boarders were mostly accommodated for the remainder of the season in the other Boarding houses, and in private families. In November, 1845 the new building to replace the Ocean House which was burnt down, was raised and finished during the Winter and Spring. It is much larger than the old house and at present pretty well filled with boarders.

In the summer of 1846, Edward Clarke, the owner of land on the hill and also at the South End of the town, opened a Street through his land from Spring Street to Thames Street, which he called Dearborn Street, and a Street running South from Catherine Street to the road to the Beach which leads from Mill Street, which he named Cottage Street; which Street is a little East of a road which is now shut up and formerly ran Southerly from Catherine Street to the head of Redwood Street just North of the Redwood Library, and Redwood Street was continued through Mr. Clarke's land so as to come into Cottage Street. The land each side of Cottage Street is laid out in house lots, and a few of them are sold.

(To be continued.)

#### Queries.

1804. LOWDEN.—A Richard Lowden was born in Charlestown, Mass. 1721 April 11, of James & Ann (Cutler) Lowden. There was only one other Richard, born 1709, Feb. 10, (a cousin of the above Richard) at Boston of Joseph & Hannah (Miller) Lowden. Which Richard was of Newport?—L. M.

1805. WOODMAN.—Who was Woodman, supposed to have been a printer in Newport?—G. P. W.

1806. WORTH.—Benjamin Worth, Vassalboro, Me. minister in the Society of Friends. Daughter Rachel, born 1792. What was the maiden name of Benjamin's wife and the dates of his birth and death, also was he descended from John and Miriam (Gardner) Worth, and his line of descent. John, born 1666. Miriam, born 1665.—M. S. A.

1807. HOWARD, MOSES.—Who were the ancestors of Moses Howard, whose widow Rachel was administratrix on his estate, Jan. 7, 1747?—T. M.

1808. TABER EBENEZER.—Who were the ancestors of Ebenezer Taber, of Tiverton, yeoman, dec. Oct. 12, 1772, and whose inventory of personal estate was exhibited by Joseph and Jacob Taber?—B. T. T.

1809. WHEDON, WHIDDEN, EDGERLY.—Wanted parents of Jane Whedon (or Whidden), who Dec. 3, 1691, married Thomas Edgerly, of Oyster River, N. H.—G. D. E.

1820. KENNISTON, SHAW.—Wanted parents of Hannah Kenniston, born 1732-40, who married Hilliard Shaw, of Hampton, N. H., Feb. 15, 1731-2.—E. H. M.

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#### Rhode Island State College

### FARMERS' WEEK

December 29, 30, 31 and January 1.

### A Get Together Meeting for R. I. Farmers

Lectures in the forenoon by members of the college faculty. Afternoon addresses by members of national reputation. Topics for discussion: Soil Management and Fertilizing, Farming and Feeding of Dairy Animals, Rural Organization. How better spend a few days than by attending these exercises and meeting those active engaged in the same line of work you are interested in?

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Lectures and Practical Work in the principal lines of Poultry, Draft, Legation, Broodling, Judging, Marketing. Expenses for course reasonable. For details and small circulars address HOWARD EDWARDS, President, Kingston, R. I.

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### MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Henry B. Thomas to Daniel T. Swinburne, dated August 8th, 1893, and recorded in the Land and Plats of the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, in Volume B, at pages 108 and 109, breach of the condition of said mortgage having been made and still existing, the said Mortgagee's administrator will sell at public auction on the 10th day of November, at 12 o'clock noon, at the right title and interest which Henry B. Thomas had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did by said mortgage convey, in and to that certain lot or parcel of land situated in said City of Newport, with the buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the southerly corner of these granted premises on the north side of Bath Road, southerly and at the Southwest corner of land of Phoebe Ann Ladd, thence Northerly along the Westerly line of said Phoebe Ann Ladd's land one hundred (100) feet thence turning at a right angle westerly fifty (50) feet along land of said Swinburne, thence Southerly, in a parallel line with the line of Phoebe Ann Ladd's above mentioned one hundred (100) feet, bounded westerly by said land of Swinburne to said Bath Road, thence turning easterly along the line of Bath Road to the place of beginning; said premises being all that was granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof.

And the said Mortgagee's administrator hereby gives notice that it intends to bid for said property at said sale thereof.

HENRY B. SWINBURNE, Administrator de bonis non of the Estate of Daniel T. Swinburne, deceased. Newport, R. I., Nov. 7th, 1914.—19

#### TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM.

### Notice of Application

FOR

### Liquor License.

Town Clerk's Office, Nov. 15th, 1914. APPLICATION was made for license to sell pure, spirituous, malt and intoxicating liquors, at retail only, by the following named person:

FRANCIS QAYIN—At the New Harbor Pavilion.

The Town Council of said New Shoreham will be in session at the Town Hall in said town on MONDAY, the 7th day of December, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock p. m., at which time and place all persons objecting to the granting of the above application may be heard. All remonstrances must be filed on or before the time of hearing.

By order of the Town Council of New Shoreham. EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk

11-21-3w

Probate Court of the City of Newport

November 20th, 1914.

Estate of Margaret Moran.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Margaret Moran, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the seventh day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNNAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

11-21-3w

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Standard Oil Co. of New York

"Oh Ethel! why don't you use your finger bowl?"

"What's the use o' wasting this good jam, mother, when I can lick my fingers?"—Life

Banga—How did old Heavysides treat you when you asked him for his daughter. Acted like a pirate, didn't he?

Batts—Pirate! He acted like a freebooter.—Judge.

## Carr's List.

Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"

By Joseph Lincoln.

A Soldier of the Legion,

By The Williamsons.

In the Web of Life,

—V. T. Van de Water.

The Witch,

By Mary Johnston.

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OR

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